## THE KING'S PALACES.

DR. TALMAGE'S FAREWELL SERMON IN LONDON.

Beeter of His Extraordinary Campaign of Prosching in Great Britain-Presented with a Gold Watch-Takes the Work of the Spider as an Illustration.

LONDON, Sept. 18.-The closing week of Rev. Dr. Talmage's preaching tour was marked by several gatherings which in magnitude and enthusiasm eclipsed all that had preceded them. The last service in London was on Sept. 3, when, after ad dressing three great meetings during the daytime, he spoke to an immense multitude in Hyde park in the evening. Some estimates place the number at 30,000. The crowd was so dense that many women fainted and had to be removed. During the service the auditors were raised to the highest pitch of religious fervor, and scenes were enacted such as have not been witnessed since the days of Whitefield, On the following Wednesday evening Dr. Talmage addressed a great audience at the Crystal palace, Sydenham, the largest building in the suburbs of London. Prayer meetings invoking the divine blessing on the services were held in various churches the preceding Monday and Tuesday even ings

Before the sermon Dr. Talmage was entertained at a banquet in the large banqueting hall of the Crystal palace by 100 distinguished clergymen and laymen of every denomination and from every continent, even including Australia. A vote of thanks was moved rehearsing Dr. Talmage's eminent services to God and humanity; also that he had traveled over 12,000 miles and preached in every prominent city in Great Britain to hundreds of thousands of eager auditors, collected vast sums for various English benevolences, and throughout the entire tour paid his own expenses, not retaining one farthing. Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson seconded the motion and declared that Dr. Talmage commanded the admiration of the entire Christian world for faithfully preaching the orthodox Gospel in times of flerce religious dissension. The motion was unanimously carried amid great ap

Dr. Talmage was then presented in behalf of his English admirers with a beautiful and costly gold watch of unique de sign, inscribed "Presented to Rev. Dr. Taimage at Crystal palace, London, in commemoration of his preaching tour through England in the summer of 1892." Dr. Talmage was then escorted to the great hall, where the vote of thanks was unanimously indorsed and ratified by the entire

He then preached his farewell sermon and shook hands with hundreds at the close. This was the second sermon ever preached in the Crystal palace, the first having been delivered by Pastor Spurgeon thirty-five years ago on the Crimean war. The text selected for today is from Prov erbs xxx, 28, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces."

Permitted as I was a few days ago to attend the meeting of the British Scientific association at Edinburgh, I found that no paper read had excited more interest than that by Rev. Dr. McCook, of America, on the subject of spiders. It seems that my talented countryman, banished from his pulpit for a short time by ill health, had in the fields and forests given himself to the study of insects. And surely if it is not beneath the dignity of God to make spiders it is not beneath the dignity of man to study them. THE UNUSUAL ATTRACTS.

We are all watching for phenomena. A January calls out not so many remarks as the blazing of one meteor. A whole flock of robins take not so much of our attention as one blundering bat darting into the window on a summer eve. Things of ordi pary sound and sight and occurrence fail to reach us, and yet no grasshopper ever springs up in our path, no moth ever dashes into the evening candle, no mote ever floats in the sunbeam that pours through the crack in the window shutter, no barnacle on ship's hull, no burr on a chestnut, no limpet clinging to a rock, no rind of an artichoke but would teach us a lesson if we were not so stupid. God in his Bible sets forth for our consideration the lily, and the snowflake, and the locust. and the stork's nest, and the hind's foot, and the aurora borealis, and the ant hills.

One of the sacred writers sitting amid the mountains sees a hind skipping over the rocks. The hind has such a peculiarly shaped foot that it can go over the steep est places without falling, and as the het looks upon that marking of the hind's foot on the rocks and thinks of the divine care over him be says, makest my feet like hinds' feet that I may walk on high places." And another sacred writer sees the ostrich leaving its eggs in the sand of the desert, and without any care of incubation walk off, and the Scrip ture says that is like some parents, leav ing their children without any wing of

protection or care. In my text inspiration opens before us the gate of a palace, and we are inducted amid the pomp of the throne and the courtier, and while we are looking around upon the magnificence inspiration points us to a spider plying its shuttle and weav ing its net on the wall. It does not call us to regard the grand surroundings of the palace, but to a solemn and earnest consideration of the fact that "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces.'

It is not very certain what was the particular species of insect spoken of in the the exquisiteness of the divine mechanism. The king's chamberlain comes into the palace and looks around and sees the spider on the wall and says, "Away with that intruder," and the servant of Solomon's palace comes with his broom and dashes down the insect, saying, "What a loath-some thing it is." But under microscopic inspection I find it more wondrous of construction than the embroideries on the palace wall and the unholstery about the windows. All the machinery of the earth beautiful as the prehensile with which that spider clutches its prey, or as any of

its eight eyes. We do not have to go so far up to see the power of God in the tapestry hanging around the windows of heaven, or in the borses or chariots of fire with which the dying day departs, or to look at the mountain swinging out its sword arm from under the mantle of darkness until it can strike with its scimeter of the lightning. I love better to study God in the shape of a fly's wing, in the formation of a fish's scale, in the snowy whiteness of a pond fily. I love to track his footsteps in the mountain moss, and to hear his voice in the hum of the tye fields, and discover the rustle of his robe of light in the south wind

build a babitation for God in an apple or considering as compared with the fact

blossom, and tune a bee's voice until it is fit for the eternal orc. estra, and can say to a firefly, "Let there be light;" and from holding an ocean in the hollow of his hand goes forth to find heights and depths and ength and breadth of omnipotency in a dewdrop, and dismounts from the chariot of midnight burricane to cross over on the suspension bridge of a spider's web. You may take your telescope and sweep it across the beavens in order to behold the glory of God: but I shall take the leaf holding the spider, and the spider's web, and I shall bring the microscope to my eye, and while I gaze and look and study and am con-founded, I will kneel down in the grass and cry, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!"

NONE ARE TOO WEAK. Again, my text teaches me that insignificance is no excuse for inaction. spider that Solomon saw on the wall might have said: "I can't weave a web worthy of this great palace; what can I do amid all this gold embroidery? I am not able to make anything fit for so grand a place, and so I will not work my spinning jenny." Not so said the spider. "The spider taketh hold with her hands." Oh. what a lesson that is for you and me! You say if you had some great sermon to preach, if you only had a great audience to talk to, if you had a great army to mar shal, if you only had a constitution to write, if there was some tremendous thing in the world for you to do-then you would show us. Yes, you would show us!

What if the Levite in the ancient temple had refused to snuff the candle because be could not be a high priest? What if the humming bird should refuse to sing its song into the ear of the honeysuckle because it cannot, like the eagle, dash its wing into the sun? What if the raindrop should refuse to descend because it is not a Niagara? What if the spider of the text should refuse to move its shuttle because it cannot weave a Solomon's robe? Away with such folly! If you are lazy with the one talent you would be lazy with the ten talents. If Milo cannot lift the calf he never will have strength to lift the ox. In the Lord's army there is order for promotion, but you cannot be a general until you have been a captain, a lieutenant and a colonel. It is step by step, it is inch by inch, it is stroke by stroke that our Christian character is builded. Therefore be content to do what God commands you

God is not ashamed to do small things. He is not ashamed to be found chiseling a grain of sand, or helping a honeybee to construct its cell with mathematical accuracy, or tingeing a shell in the surf, or shaping the bill of a chaffinch. What God does he does well. What you do, do well, be it a great work or a small work. If ten talents, employ all the ten. If five talents, employ all the five. If one talent, employ the one. If only the thousandth part of a talent, employ that. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." I tell you if you are not faithful to God in a small sphere you would be indelent and insignificant in a large sphere.

Again, my text teaches me that repulsiveness and loathsomeness will sometimes climb up into very elevated places. You would have tried to have killed the spider that Solomon saw. You would have said: This is no place for it. If that spider is determined to weave a web, let it do so down in the cellar of this palace or in some dark dungeon." Ah! the spider of the text could not be discouraged. It clambered on, and climbed up, higher and higher and higher, until after awhile it reached the king's vision, and he said, "The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings' palaces." And so it often is now that things that are loathsome and repul sive get up into very elevated places.

The church of Christ, for instance, is a palace. The King of heaven and earth may grace reign through righteousness sky full of stars shining from January to | lives in it. According to the Bible her and her windows of agate, and the fountains of salvation dash a rain of light. It is a glorious palace-the church of God is: and yet sometimes unseemly and loathsome things creep up into it—evil speak ing and rancor and slander and backbiting and abuse, crawling up on the walls of the church, spinning a web from arch to arch, and from the top of one communion tankard to the top of another communion tankard. Glorious palace in which there ought only to be light and love and pardon and grace; yet a spider in the pal

THE CHRISTIAN HOME. Home ought to be a castle. It ought to be the residence of everything royal. Kindxest love, peace, patience and forbearance enget to be the princes residing there; and yet sometimes dissipation crawls up into that home and the jealous eye comes up, said the scene of peace and plenty becomes the scene of domestic jargon and disso-inness. You say, "What is the matter with the home?" I will tell you what is the matter with it. A spider in the palace.

A well developed Christian character is a grand thing to look at. You see some man with great intellectual and spiritual proportions. You say: "How useful that man must be!" But you find, amid all his splendor of faculties, there is some prejudice, some whim, some evil habit that a great many people do not notice, but that you have happened to notice, and it is gradually spoiling that man's character-it is gradually going to injure his entire influence. Others may not see it, but you are anxious in regard to his welfare, and now you discover it. A dead fly in the oint

ment. A spider in the palace. Again, my text teaches me that perse verance will mount into the king's palace. It must have seemed a long distance for that spider to climb in Solomon's splendid residence, but it started at the very foot of the wall and went up over the panels of Lebanon cedar, higher and higher, until it text, but I shall proceed to learn from it stood higher than the highest throne in all the nations-the throne of Solomon. And so God has decreed it that many of those who are down in the dust of sin and dishonor shall gradually attain to the King's palace. We see it in worldly things.

Who is that banker in Philadelphia? Why, he used to be the boy that held the horses of Stephen Girard while the millionaire went in to collect his dividends. Arkwright toils on up from a barber's shop until he gets into the palace of invention. Sextus V toils on up from the office could not make anything so delicate and of a swineherd until he gets into the palace of Rome. Fletcher toils on up from the most insignificant family position un til he gets into the palace of Christian eloquence. Hogarth, engraving pewter pots for a living, toils on up until he reaches

the palace of world renowned art. And God hath decided that though you may be weak of arm and slow of tongue, and be struck through with a great many mental and moral deficits, by his almighty grace you shall yet arrive in the King's palace-not such a one as is spoken of in the text, not one of marble, not one adorned with pillars of alabaster and thrones of ivory and flagens of burnished gold, but a palace in which God is the King and the angels of heaven are the cupbearers.

The spider crawling up the wall of Solo Oh, this wonder of divine powerthat can mon's palace was not worth looking after

that we, who are worms of the dust, may at last ascend into the palace of the King Immortal. By the grace of Gol may we all reach it. Oh, heaven is not a dull place! It is not a wornout mension, with faded curtains and outlandish chairs and cracked ware. No; it is as fresh and fair and beautiful as though it were completed but yesterday. The kings of the earth shall bring their bonor and glory into it.

THE MATERIAL REAVEN. A palace means splendor of apartments. Now, I do not know where heaven is, and do not know how it looks, but if bodies are to be resurrected in the last day I think heaven must have a material splendor as well as spiritual grandeur. Oh, what grandeur of apartments when that divine hand which plunges the sea into blue, and the foliage into green, and sets the sunset on fire shall gather all the beautiful colors of earth around his throne, and when that arm which lifted the pillars of Alpine rock and bent the arch of the sky shall raise before our soul the eternal architecture, and that hand which hung with loops of fire the curtains of morning shall prepare the upholstery of our kingly residencel

A palace also means splendor of associa tions. The poor man, the outcast cannot get into Windsor castle. The sentinel of the queen stands there and cries "Halt! as he tries to enter. But in the palace of which I speak we may all become residents, and we shall all be princes and kings. We may have been beggars, we may have been outcasts, we may have been wandering and lost as we all have been, but there we shall take our regal power What companionship in heaven! To walk side by side with John and James and Peter and Paul and Moses and Joshua and Caleb and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and Micah and Zechariah and Wilberforce and Oliver Cromwell and Philip Doddridge and Edward Payson and John Milton and Elizabeth Fry and Hannah More and Char lotte Elizabeth, and all the other kings and queens of heaven. Oh. my soul, what a companionship!

A palace means splendor of banquet, There will be no common ware on that table. There will be no unskilled musicians at that entertainment. There will be no scanty supply of fruit or beverage. There Jim met her. An affection sprang up be have been banquets spread that cost a million of dollars each, but who can tell the untold wealth of that banquet? I do not know whether John's description of it is literal or figurative. A great many wise people tell me it is figurative; but prove it! I do not know but that it may be literal. I do not know but that there may be real fruits plucked from the tree

I do not know but that Christ referred to the real juice of the grape when he said that we should drink new wine in our Father's kingdom, but not the intoxicating stuff of this world's brewing. I do not say it is so, but I have as much right for thinking it is so as you have for thinking the other way. At any rate, it will be a glorious banquet. Hark! the chariots rumbling in the distance. I really believe the guests are coming now. The gates swing open, the guests dismount, the pal ace is filling, and all the chalices, flashing with pearl and amethyst and carbuncle, are lifted to the lips of the myriad banqueters, while standing in robes of snowy white they drink to the bonor of the glo rious King.

"Oh," you say, "that is too grand a place for you and for me." No, it is not. If a spider, according to the text, could crawl up on the wall of Solomon's palace, shall not our poor souls, through the blood of Christ, mount up from the depths of their sin and shame and finally reach the palace of the eternal King? "Where sin abound ed, grace shall much more abound, that whereas sin reigned unto death, even so unto eternal life by Jesus Christ out beams are of cedar, and her rafters of fir, Lord." One flash of that coming glory obliterates the sepulcher.

IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE. Years ago, with lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. You may walk four teen miles and see no sunlight. It is a stupendous place. Some places the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grot toes filled with weird echoes; cascades fall ing from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave; stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of ame thyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you the shad ows have an appearance supernatural and

spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth.

The guide after awhile takes you into what is called the "star chamber;" and then he says to you, "Sit here;" and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns and placing it in a cleft of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations-a brilliant night heavens-and you involuntary exclaim, "Beautiful! beauti-

Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern and wanders on and wanders off until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ven-triloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the Joom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the wonderful spectacle.

Well, there are a great many people who look down into the grave as a great cavern. They think it is a thousand miles subterrancous, and all the echoes seem to be the voices of despair, and the cascades seem to be the falling tears that always fall, and the gloom of earth seems coming up in stalagmite, and the gloom of the eternal world seems descending in the stalactite, making pillars of indescribable horror. The grave is no such place as that to me, thank God! Our divine Guide takes us down into the great cavern, and we have the lamp to our feet, and the light to our path, and all the echoes in the rifts of the rock are anthems, and all the falling waters are fountains of salvation, and after awbile we look up, and behold! the cavern of the tomb has become a King's star chamber.

And while we are looking at the pomp of it an everlasting morning begins to rise, and all the tears of the earth crystalize into stalaumite, rising up in a pillar on the

one side, and all the glories of heaven seen to be descending in a stalactite, making a pillar on the other side, and you push against the gate that swings between the two pillars, and as that gate flashes open you find it is one of the twelve gates which are twelve pearls. Blessed be God that through this Gospel the mammoth cave of the sepulcher has become the illumined star chamber of the King! Oh, the palaces! the eternal palaces! the King's

The Wife of a Pugilist.

"Do I like pugilism? My gracious, no! I think it's a perfectly horrible business! would give anything to have my husband lead a quiet, settled life. But what is one to do? Mr. Corbett has gone into the business and that is the end of it. It is perfectly awful to think of two men mauling and maiming each other until one or the other shall be, as they call it, 'knocked out.' I think it's a horrid, cruel thing!"

And Mrs. James J. Corbett, the famour pugilist's wife, gave her head a decided shake as she concluded. There was no at tempt at affectation, and it was evident that she was sincere in her utterances of dislike against her husband's profession.

She is an interesting young woman, this petite wife of brawny Jim Corbett, and as pretty as she is interesting. A pronounced blond, looking not a day older than the twenty three years she confesses to, with a wealth of yellow golden hair piled artistically on a queenly little head, large gray blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, a fair complexion and a figure whose contour is perfection, it seemed pretty hard to Imagine her a prize fighter's wife as she sat in the cozy parlor in a light blue bodice, with natty polka dot tie, plain navy blue skirt and tiny russet shoes setting off the comeliness of the young lady.

Corbett's marriage was rather romantic, in fact included what might be called an elopement. When the now famous fighter was one of San Francisco's amateur athletes he met his wife, a Miss Ollie Lake, Mr. Lake, Ollie's father, was a widower, who had come to California from Amsterdam, N. Y., in 1869, when the girl was still a baby in her mother's arms. Miss Lake was studying for a school teacher's position in the state normal school when young tween the young folks, but Corbett's par ents would not sanction an engagement.

The sweethearts were perforce obliged to wait. In 1886 Jim traveled to Salt Lake City to fight Duncan McDonald. There Miss Lake joined him, and a justice of the peace made them one. A second ceremony was performed when the happy pair returned to San Francisco. A school teach er's certificate to the state Normal school awaited Miss Ollie Lake in San Francisco while she was being married in Salt Lake City.-New York World.

How a Fortune Was Started.

Talk of the cholera revived among some of the older New Yorkers the story of the laying of the foundation of a very substantial fortune through the visit of the scourge to this city in the thirties. Not long before the disease appeared a young man had come here from New England to see if he couldn't find a more p.omising road to wealth in this city than was offered in his native state. He had very little money, but he had plenty of grit, and although at first the latter did not appear to be a very successful substitute for the former, there came a time when nerve meant big financial returns to its possessor. The cholera gave this young man his opportunity.

As soon as the death list began to mount up there arose much difficulty in securing men to bury the victims. Hearse drivers caught the panic and refused to work, and the time soon came when any sort of suitable vehicle was in great demand for the sad service. Then the young man borrowed or hired a horse and wagon and made it his business to carry the dead to the grave. High prices were paid, and while the epidemic lasted he fairly coined money. When it was over he found himself possessed of a sum which gave him his start, and in a few years he was what he sought to be-a rich man.-New York Times.

The Force of Habit.

A business man of this city who has peculiar views concerning the amenities of language, sent for one of his clerks recent ly and said:

"Simpson, I am told you are in the habit of using a great many expletives in your conversation. "Great Scott! sir, what are they?" asked

Simpson in awestruck tones, "There, I have the proof from your own lips, you see, and I desire a more correct form of speech from you in future.' "Holy Moses!" exclaimed Simpson ex-

citedly, "we're not running a Y. M. C. A., are we, sir?" "No," answered his employer, "but is there any necessity for employing such emphatic language in your daily conversa-

"Great Cæsar! How can a man help-! beg your pardon, sir, I will set a watch on my lips-it's the force of habit, I know." Mr. Simpson bowed himself out and his fellow clerks at once asked him if he had been called in by the boss to have his sal ary raised

"Jumping Jerusalem! No," he said. Then he suddenly became mute and refused to say another word for the rest of the afternoon.-Detroit Free Press.

A Heat Generator.

An amateur electrician in Boston has discovered a new way of heating by electricity which, while it may not be practical, is certainly effective. He has a battery fan motor, which he operates by an incandescent current of 110 volts, taking up the extra current by introducing a thirty-two candle power lamp in series. His original intention was to create a cool breeze, but he found that the heat gener ated by the lamp was more than the fan could take care of. So now he hangs the lamp in front of the fan and obtains a strong current of hot air. He believes that it is possible to create artificial heat in this manner on a much larger scale. - Bos-

Fastening the Corset.

The question of fastening the stays from the top down or vice versa is one that is best decided by one's self, though the French corset maker claims that a stout woman should always clasp her corset from the top down, and a slender one reverse this mode. The broad bone with an under lining of plush is most desirable in all stays, but is really the one most seldom seen. People write and talk against stays without ever having tried those that are really proper to wear. -- Mrs. Mallon in La dies' Home Journal.

Colonel Engene Field's Great Invention. The cotton gin which Eugene Field invented when in London has proved to be a complete success at Bayou Sara, in Lou-Islana, where the preliminary trial was given. The gin has a detachable fireproof Introom. -Atlanta Constitution.

CLOSE TO VICTORIA.

ENGLISH WOMEN OF HIGH RANK

WHO WAIT ON HER MAJESTY. The Position of Mistress of the Robes Is

One of the Offices of the Government, and the Incumbent Goes Out with Every Change of Power.

The Duchess of Buccleuch, mistress of the robes of her majesty the queen, has the distinction of being the only woman in the kingdom whose position was directly affected by the overthrow of the conserva-

It is the only office held by a woman which is distinctly a part of "the government" and controlled by the party in power. Only duchesses are eligible to it and as it is a position of great dignity and honor, the competition for the place is very strong, and the pressure for its control is unusually great. There are comparatively few duchesses with pronounced Liberal predilections. Hence the scrambling for the post is not as great when the Liberal government comes into power as it is when the Conservatives are on top. In coase quence a Liberal premier has to make comparatively few enemies by "turning down" applicants, while a Conservative chief is beset by a perfect horde of aristocratic ladies, all of whom, with the exception of the one fortunate enough to capture the prize, are pretty sure to make things ex ceedingly uncomfortable for him.

A constant reminder of the intense eager ness of the duchesses of her royal majesty's domain to occupy this place is the fact that the mistress of the robes no longer has an official badge. This badge was formerly a golden key, but some years ago it was done Diseases of Women, away with to end a controversy between the ambitious ladies who sought to obtain the place. It is recorded that Sarah the duchess of Mariborough, being superseded in the office, refused to deliver the key to her successor. A most disgraceful and ab surd quarrel ensued.

Finally, however, the Duchess of Somerof the coveted key, but it was determined afterward that no further opportunity should be given for similar scenes, and ever since then there has been no official badge to designate the mistress of the robes. The last lady who had the honor of carrying it, the Duchess of Marlborough, was so proud of this insignia of her official station that she wore the golden key 'watchwise on the right hand side."

The duties of the office are largely orna mental. Whenever the queen goes in state to any ceremony the mistress of the robes accompanies her majesty and walks behind her in the procession. She is always in attendance at drawing rooms and levees, and has the privilege of riding to and from the palace where the queen may be residing for the time being in one of the state carriages in full regalia. Formerly the mistress of the robes also had special supervision of the maids of honor of her majesty's household, and she was known, in addition to her regular title, as the "mother of the maids."

At coronations the mistress of the robes is in her glory. Everything pertaining to the queen on that day is under her direct supervision. She has the ordering of the coronation dress and is immediately concerned in all the movements of the royal person. Aside from these duties, however, very little of her time is occupied in the discharge of the duties of her position Her salary is £5,000 a year. Until the advent of Victoria the entire

female portion of the queen's household came in and went out, as the mistress of the robes does to-day, with the party in power. The present sovereign, however, ment, carrying her point at the cost of openly defying the ministry. This inci-dent is known in English history as the "bedchamber question," and, strange a it may appear, it kept Robert Peel out of office for two years and a half. He insisted on his accession to power upon controlling the appointment of the female members of her majesty's household. To this Victoria made a most positive resistance, notwith standing the fact that it had been the cun tom for several centuries.

Upon first ascending the throne she had surrounded herself with the friends of her girlhood, and she declined to part with their services at the request of Mr. Peel or anybody else. As nearly as can be ascertained at this time there was a misunderstanding on both sides. The queen was under the impression that Peel desired to sweep out her entire establishment and put in attendants of his own choosing, while he on the other hand imagined that the queen intended to retain the services of the wives of the cabinet ministers whom his party had just superseded.

Both sides to the controversy rested on their dignity and declined to make explanations, and as a result Sir Robert declined to form a ministry, and a crisis ensued which resulted in keeping his party from the active administration of the government for a long period. Finally, however, matters were straightened out, and it was agreed that only the mistress of the robes should change with the government, all the others remaining subject to the wishes of the queen.

The dowager Duchess of Roxburghe, mother of the duke, is at present in the household of the queen, with whom she is a great favorite. She holds a position as one of the ladies of the bedchamber. The other ladies of the bedchamber are the dowager Duchess of Athole, downger Lady Churchill, Countess of Erroll, Lady Southampton, Lady Amthill, Viscountess Downe and Countess of Antrim. These ladies are generally styled ladies in waiting, and share the duty of personal attendance upon the queen throughout the year.

During their term of actual service they live in the palace, and their "waits" vary from two to three weeks at a time, according as the queen may arrange. No one (through Omaha) is under the rank of a peeress can hold the office, and while they are in attendance on the queen the ladies of the bedchamber accompany her on all occasions. Formerly new and elegant; the these ladies rendered personal service at the toilet of their mistress night and morning, but of recent years this has been changed, the active work being performed the United States.

by ordinary ladies' maids. As a special mark of her favor the queen appoints a number of extra ladies of the handsome Day Coaches, bedchamber, who serve without salary. best Reclining Chair Cars, The present incumbents of this post are the Viscountess Clifden, downger Counters of Mayo, Duchess of Bedford and Lady Waterpark. - New York Times.

To accomplish for young women what our colleges were doing for young men was the hope of the founder of the first wom an's college-Matthew Vassar. Twentyfive years ago Vassar college conferred de- so-called first-class lines. grees on its first graduates, and since then it has graduated \$00 equipped women.

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## ADIES\*

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